# An Experiment in Resource

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

## The Chronicle of an Unusual Night of Distress and Danger.

again.

"3441 Western, please," came her voice. "Thank you. Pray God he may be there—Yes. Is this Middle-brook Court? Have you a Mr. L. V. Lawrence registered? Well—walt a minute! If he comes, tell him—Oh, dear! They cut me off. What shall I do? Perhaps he has gone to some boarding house. Perhaps he wouldn't dare to risk a hotel. And there are simply nundreds of hotels!"

"She seems anxious to find L. V. The se "She seems anxious to find L. V.

self and licked his lips.
"Nine thousand dollars," gasped the "Nine thousand dollars," gasped the woman. "How big it seemed then, how little it seems now! I'd pay a thousand dollars for one more hour."
"Time with L. V. Lawrence is some precious," breathed the adventurer.
Again he put his eye to the keyhole. Her hand was in his line of vision now. He watched the fingers twitching. It was an agreeable appearing.

Lawrence," said the listener to him-

ing. It was an agreeable appearing hand. There were two rings upon it, and one carried three sizable dia-"So near and yet so far," exclaimed

"So near and yet so far," exclaimed the observer with a whispered oath. Then he straightened up, felt his way along the wall to the electric push button, snapped on the flood of light at d stood once more gaping at his seri-us and crafty countenance reflected in the dressing glass.

"Resource, old man," he said to his own image. "There's always a way, old top. Gee, if I wasn't so down and out and tired, I could make my head think. I always have luck with women, especially when luck throws 'em at me like this one."

She was telephoning again.

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"Is this the new Nichols House?" he heard her say. "Well, you are sure he jsn't there, are you? If he comes in please call Room 274 at the Occidental. Right away, please. It is terribly important—a case of life or death."

The listener shrugged his shoulders. went to the window and, lost in thought, watched the flashing electric

Biddlecome's."

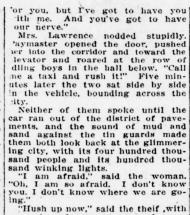
"There's always a way if you can think it out." he repeated to himself.
"Resource, old man. I have luck with women, and what I need is a scheme!

. . Happy days! I have it! What

With desperate haste he pulled on his clothes, thrust the automatic re-volver in his side pocket, and, flap-



PAYMASTER PULLED HER AFTER HIM,



switches on those circuits," reasserted the engineer.

"You say there ain't," said Paymaster in a new grim voice. "Well, now, listen to me! Money is a poor persuader. Here's a better one. Look at it! That's a gun! It spits death in two dozen lots. And you can either pray or come across:" "You say there ain't," said Paymaster in a new grim voice. "Well, now, listen to me! Money is a poor persuader. Here's a better one. Look at it! That's a gun! It spits death in two dozen lots. And you can either pray or come across:"

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A SURGE of pallor came into the engineer's round cheeks. His



